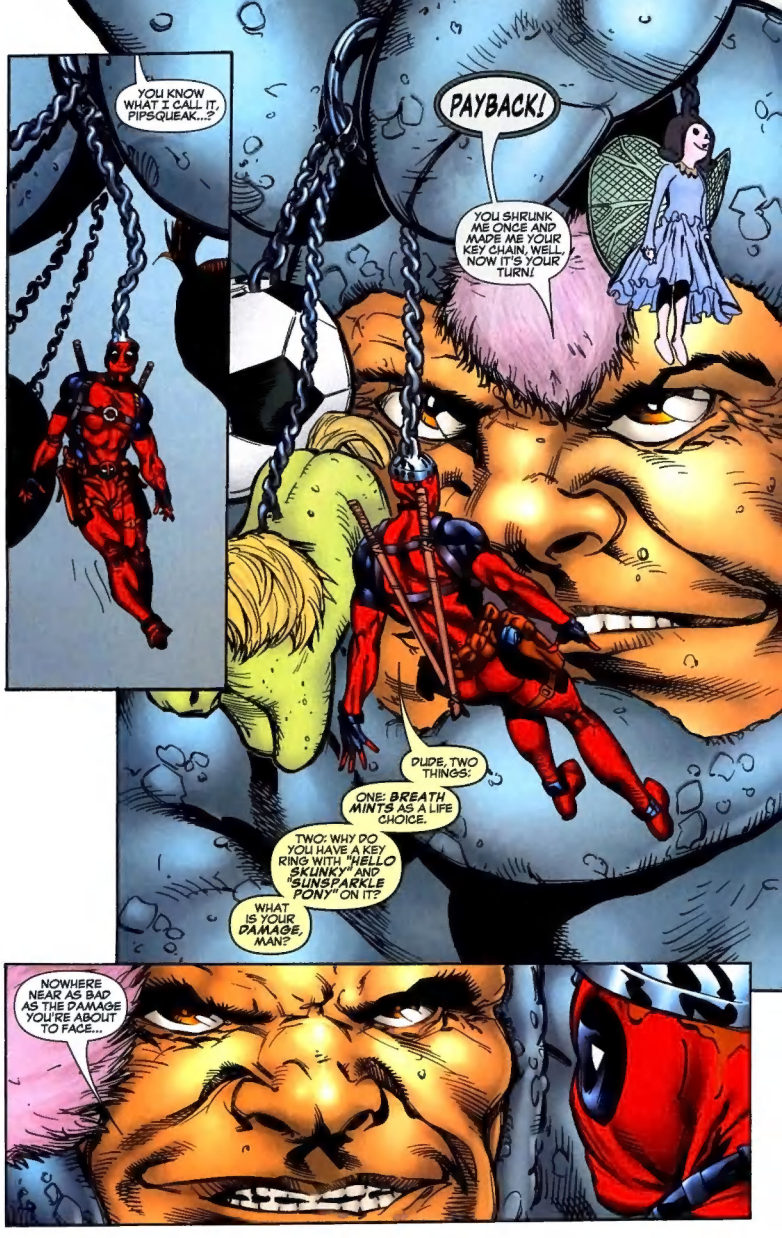
MY NAME IS WEASEL, WEAPONS-MAKER AND TECH-GEEK TO THE UNDERGROUND MERCENARY WORLD.
ONE OF MY BESTEST BUDS IS WADE WILSON, THE UNSTOPPABLE KILLING MACHINE AND YUK-MEISTER KNOWN AS DEADPOOL.
RECENTLY, WADE HAS GONE THROUGH A... ROUGH PATCH. HIS FRIENDSHIP WITH THE SAVIOR-FROM-THE-FUTURE CALLED CABLE KINDA BROKE UP UGLY.
AND THAT LEFT HIS JOB PROSPECTS ONE RUNG LOWER THAN A DOOR-TO-DOOR PANTY SALESMAN HITTIN' UP PARIS AND BRITNEY.
SO, WADE, GENIUS THAT HE IS, DECIDED TO GO PROACTIVE. HE WOULD SHOW THE SHADY-SET THAT HE WAS STILL TOPS IN HIS FIELD.
HE KIDNAPPED TASKMASTER, THE TOUGHEST MERC AROUND--THE GUY WHO TRAINS ALL THE MERCS HOW TO BE TOUGH--
--AND PROCEEDED TO WHUP HIS BUTT IN FRONT OF A DOZEN BLACK-OPS EMPLOYERS.
IMPRESSIVE, YOU'D THINK, RIGHT? YEAH...EXCEPT ONE PROBLEM...
...EVERYONE ALREADY KNEW HOW TOUGH WADE WAS.
THE REASON THEY DON'T HIRE HIM ANYMORE IS 'CAUSE HE'S ALSO... WELL...
...ROBIN WILLIAMS ON FIFTY GALLONS OF STARBUCKS HAS MORE CONTROL OF MIND, BODY AND BLADDER THAN WADE DOES.
SO WADE DECIDED TO GO PROACTIVE--AGAIN--BECOME A SUPER HERO--START BY TRACKING DOWN AN ESCAPED BIG BAD CALLED THE RHINO.
BUT, LIKE MOST SUPER HEROES, PROACTIVE MEANS WAITING AROUND UNTIL SOMEONE ATTACKS YOU... SO...A LITTLE MOTIVATION WAS NECESSARY...

GOOD THING WHOEVER SLEPT IN THIS BED WAS SO MESSY.
SOME KIND OF INHALER OR SOMETHING HERE?
MAYBE IT'S A MINTY BREATH FRESHENER TO GET THE TASTE OF REGRET OUT OF MY MOUTH?
IT MUST SO TOTALLY SUCK TO BE DANNY DEVITO...
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE--PYM PARTICLES...? THAT'S THE STUFF THAT MAKES ANT-MAN ALL ANTY.
Commission on Superhuman Activities
Sample Batch #2-8a-334
Pym Particles
C.D.C. Allotment 12.14.9
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE--THE ROOM'S NOT HUGE--I GOT SMALL!
COOL--THIS IS JUST LIKE THE STUNT I PULLED ON THE--
BBBBBRRRRMMMMM

...RHINO--?!

WHERE ARE YOU, DEADPOOL?
I KNOW YOU'RE IN HERE!
I KNOW YOU'RE TINY!
I PAID VERY GOOD MONEY TO FIND THE PYM PARTICLES TO MAKE YOU SMALL!
YOU BETTER SHOW YOURSELF, OR TRUST ME...
...I'M GONNA SQUASH YOU LIKE A BUG!
HEY! GENIUS! TRY LOOKING DOWN HERE!


YOU KNOW WHAT I CALL IT, PIPSQUEAK...?
PAYBACK!
YOU SHRUNK ME ONCE AND MADE ME YOUR KEY CHAIN. WELL, NOW IT'S YOUR TURN!
DUDE, TWO THINGS:
ONE: BREATH MINTS AS A LIFE CHOICE.
TWO: WHY DO YOU HAVE A KEY RING WITH "HELLO SKUNKY" AND "SUNSPARKLE PONY" ON IT?
WHAT IS YOUR DAMAGE, MAN?
NOWHERE NEAR AS BAD AS THE DAMAGE YOU'RE ABOUT TO FACE...

THE THREE STRIKES BAR:
SUPERVILLAIN WATERING HOLE
HEY EVERYONE, LOOK WHAT I GOT HERE!
THIS IS TURNING OUT TO BE THE WORST EIGHT BUCKS I EVER SPENT...
OH, THAT IS SO COOL!
HOW'D YOU PULL THIS ONE OFF, RHINO?
WASN'T EASY, CONRAD.
AFTER I BUSTED OUT, I HEARD TALK DEADPOOL WAS THINKIN' OF TAKIN' ME DOWN.
I WANTED TO GET HIM FIRST, SO I MADE SOME CALLS, FOUND A GUY WHO COULD SCORE SOME PYM PARTICLES...

I HAVE A GREAT IDEA! WHY DON'T WE--
--TAKE DEADPOOL INTO THE BATH-ROOM--
--AND MAKE HIM RIDE--
--A URINAL CAKE!
--JUST THROW HIM IN THE AIR AND SEE HOW MANY TIMES I CAN SHOOT HIM!
YOU'RE THE WORST, INFINITY T.A.P.! THAT'S YOUR ANSWER--
--TO EVERY-THING!
I'VE FOUND IT MAKES FOR A WONDERFUL ANSWER, SLOUGH!
THESE LOSERS WILL NEVER AGREE ON ANYTHING...
FOR EXAMPLE, TO STOP OUR ARGUMENT...
...I SHOOT YOU!
HEY!
OUCH!
HEY!
WAIT-- SLOUGH, INFINITY T.A.P.-- STOP!
WHY DON'T WE MAKE HIM RIDE A URINAL CAKE AND SHOOT HIM?
DOOM!
YEAH!
ON THIS, THESE LOSERS CAN AGREE...

HAH HA
HAH HA
HAH HA
HAH HA
HAH HA
MEN
OKAY, OKAY--NOW THROW HIM IN THE AIR--MONEY DOWN ON HOW MANY TIMES I CAN HIT HIM!
C'MON, C'MON--MY TEMPORAL ACCESS PISTOLS ARE HOT TO TROT!
I DON'T KNOW, T.A.P.--I MEAN, HE'S SO TINY AND YOUR BULLETS ARE SO BIG...YOU COULD REALLY HURT HIM...
I DO HAVE A REMARKABLE HEALING FACTOR.
BUT IT DON'T HELP YOU DRY OFF FAST, DOES IT?
GOOD POINT. BUT IT DOES HANDLE LOSING HUGE CHUNKS OF MY BODY.
GOOD POINT.
IDIOT.
I SHOOT YOU!!!
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!

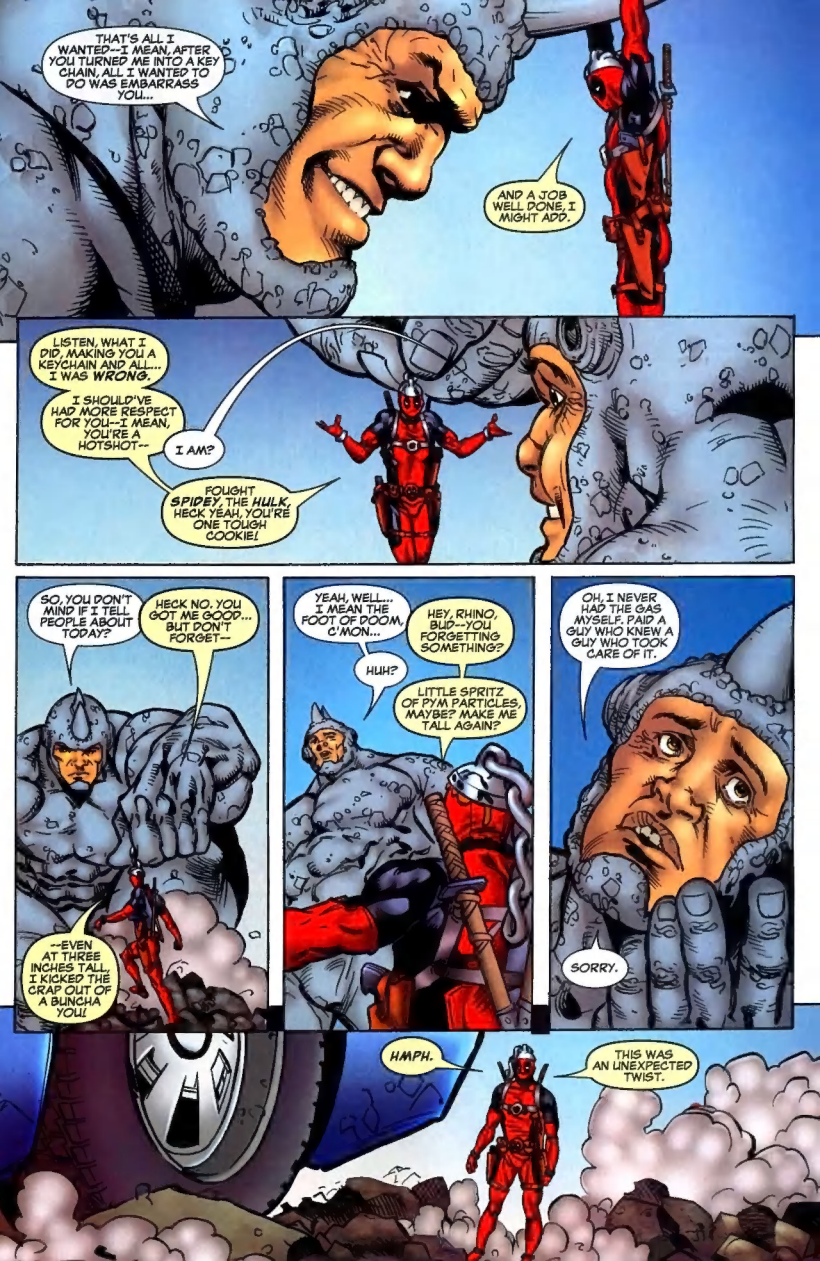
OOOPA--CAREFUL THERE--
PARDON ME.
'SCUZE ME.
ONE MORE TURN AND--
TIME AND TIME AGAIN--I SHOOT YOU!!
CKCHIK
OKAY, THIMBLE-CAP'S ON A BIT TIGHTER THAN I THOUGHT THERE...
VOILA! LES FIRST TRICK, SHE EES DONE! NOW TO SHOOT OFF MY UNWANTED HELMET!
YEAH--ALL RIGHT, LET'S SKIP TO THE ENCORE, WHEREIN I WILL PROCEED...
...TO KILL ALL OF YOU!

UH-OH...
GUYS... REMEMBER...I DON'T HAVE ANY SUPER-POWERS... I'M JUST A COMMODITIES BROKER WHO PICKS UP THE TAB...
AAAAGH!
HE'S FREE?
MY NODE! HE BROGG MY NODE!
AND HE'S PISSED! FIGURATIVELY AND LITERALLY!
BY THE WAY THERE, FOOT OF DOOM, LITTLE SLOW KEEPING UP WITH CURRENT EVENTS...
SO, YOU KNOW, I COULD'VE LET YOU GUYS HAVE A FEW GOOD LAUGHS...
DOOM!
...WE COULDA GOT DRUNK--I MEAN, AT THIS SIZE, HOW MANY BEERS WOULD IT'VE TAKEN? TEN? FIFTEEN?
CONRAD WOULDA' PICKED UP THE TAB...BUT NOOO--YOU HAD TO TAKE IT TOO FAR...
HE'S FREE--?!
OKAY, DUDE, DO YOU NEED BIFOCALS OR SOMETHING?

FOOT OF DOOM, JAW OF GLASS.
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
I SHOOT YOU!
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
T.A.P., DUDE, WHEN EVEN THE N.R.A. REFUSES TO ENDORSE YOU...
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
...THAT COULD BE THE FIRST SIGN YOU HAVE A PROBLEM...
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
WHADDYOU THINK, BIG GUY? YOU APPROVE OF THIS...?
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
POOM!
NO... NOT REALLY...
POOM!
POOM!
UHM... WAIT... OKAY, MAYBE I DO HAVE A PROBLEM...

FWUMP!
OH, RHINO, DUDE, ARRRRGH...
WADE--PLEASE... PLEASE... IF YOU GET HIM OUT OF HERE, DRINKS--ON THE HOUSE--FOR A WEEK!
A MONTH!
DEAL!
ME AM HORNY.
OKAY, THAT WAS TOO OBVIOUS EVEN FOR ME.
HEY, SLOUGH--LOOK OUT!
WOO-HOO--LOOK AT ME, I'M DEBRA WINGER!
SPLOOCH

GET OFF ME!
THIS ISN'T FAIR!
WHY WON'T YOU LET GO?!
YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE THE ONE WHO WAS EMBARRASSED!!
HELLOOO? YOU SHRUNK ME! PUT ME ON A KEY CHAIN WITH SKUNKY AND $[redacted] RAINBOW PONY--DRAGGED [redacted] TO THE [redacted] CRAPPY THREE STRIKES BAR--
--WHICH, NOW THAT I'M GETTING FREE DRINKS FOR A MONTH, HAS TURNED INTO A WONDERFUL ESTABLISHMENT!--
--AND THEN YOU FLUSHED ME IN A URINAL!
YOU HAVE ANNIHILATED MY HONOR, GOOD SIR!
I HAVE?
SKREEEEEEE
ABSOPOSITIVELY.


THAT'S ALL I WANTED--I MEAN, AFTER YOU TURNED ME INTO A KEY CHAIN, ALL I WANTED TO DO WAS EMBARRASS YOU...
AND A JOB WELL DONE, I MIGHT ADD.
LISTEN, WHAT I DID, MAKING YOU A KEYCHAIN AND ALL... I WAS WRONG.
I SHOULD'VE HAD MORE RESPECT FOR YOU--I MEAN, YOU'RE A HOTSHOT--
I AM?
FOUGHT SPIDEY, THE HULK, HECK YEAH, YOU'RE ONE TOUGH COOKIE!
SO, YOU DON'T MIND IF I TELL PEOPLE ABOUT TODAY?
HECK NO. YOU GOT ME GOOD... BUT DON'T FORGET--
--EVEN AT THREE INCHES TALL, I KICKED THE CRAP OUT OF A BUNCHA YOU!
YEAH, WELL... I MEAN THE FOOT OF DOOM, C'MON...
HEY, RHINO, BUD--YOU FORGETTING SOMETHING?
HUH?
LITTLE SPRITZ OF PYM PARTICLES, MAYBE? MAKE ME TALL AGAIN?
OH, I NEVER HAD THE GAS MYSELF. PAID A GUY WHO KNEW A GUY WHO TOOK CARE OF IT.
SORRY.
HMPH.
THIS WAS AN UNEXPECTED TWIST.

KWOM
SHOULDA KNOWN IT WAS YOU.
YEAH, WELL, AT THIS SIZE, IT TOOK ME MORE'N A DAY TO WORK MY WAY BACK TO THE APARTMENT.
SO, WEASEL WITH YOUR LIFE AT STAKE, SPILL IT...
I HAD SOME PYM PARTICLES IN MY WEAPONS STORAGE DEPOT AND I HIRED THE SCIENTISTS THAT ADMINISTERED THEM TO YOU--
YOU WERE HARD TO TRACK DOWN AFTER RHINO BOLTED.
THAT LITTLE MINX WAS A SCIENTIST? I SHOULD'VE KNOWN. MALEVOLENT AS SHE WAS, AND SHE ONLY CHARGED EIGHT BUCKS?
NO, SHE WAS WHAT SHE WAS. I SUGGESTED TO THE SCIENTISTS THAT USING HER TO LURE YOU IN WOULD BE EASIER THAN--
GETTING KICKED THROUGH A BLACK HOLE TRYING TO NAB ME. I HATE SCIENTISTS. SO SMART AND ALL...
YEAH. HERE.
OKAY, SO, YOU HELPED THE RHINO DO THIS TO ME, AND YOU HAVEN'T TURNED ME BIG AGAIN, SO, WHAT'S THE DILLY-O?
YOU'RE STILL TRYING TO PROVE YOURSELF, RIGHT?
SO...WHAT BETTER WAY TO SHOW WHAT A HOT TAMALE YOU ARE THAN TO CAPTURE AN ESCAPED RAMPAGING SUPER-FELON...
...WHILE TRAPPED AT THREE INCHES TALL?

DEAR DEADPOOL

Dear Deadpool,

I can't believe it--you take the time out from double-crossing world leaders to answer our mail, and nobody even writes to you? Well, I hope I can make up for last month by sending salutations from a 17-year-old fangirl who rates your magnetism as second only to Nightcrawler (take that as you will).

Anyway, I hear you have a thing for numbered questions, so here goes nothing.

1. I've noticed more than a few iPod placements around the comic...what's on your playlist? Are there any particular tracks you like to take on a mission?

2. So we finally got to see what's in all those pouches when Nate yanked you up for a ticking off...why do you carry an action figure of yourself? is it just for the ego trip or do all super heroes/villains carry them for the entertainment on long trips?

3. What's the craziest dream you've ever had while out cold? ...Or is that unprintable?

Stay stunnerific, mate.
- Rosa (all the way from Scotland)

Rosa from Scotland? That's funny. Do you wear a fur kilt and paint your face blue? I thought all Scots did that. And I'd like you to know, I don't have "a thing" for—

Oooh, numbered questions!

1. I believe iPods work best as tactical plastique explosives attached to the backsides of blind super heroes. I can never get my downloads to work properly. But last I checked, I had *Thoroughly Modern Millie* playing. Soundtrack is stuck in my head now…

2. Uhm… uh… well, it IS a lot of pouches… and sometimes, there's just some extra space… and some extra stuff lying around and… well, to tell you the truth, Rosa (as if you need me to tell you this), chicks really dig it when I whip out the old action figure…

3. Unprintable? I'm pretty sure it's legally unTHINKable…

Dear Deadpool,

I am quite frankly shocked and appalled that not one single fan had written into your letters column [in time for issue 34]. (Sorry, I guess that would also include me.) So I am making up for it now. Sincerely, welcome Mr. Brown for me, would you? So far his mixture of heavy emotion and frequent comedy is very good, beneficial for working on this title. I hope that he enjoys drawing you and Nate as much as I enjoy seeing it.

As for Mr. Nicieza, well, I really wondered where he was taking Nate with the President of Rumekistan storyline. For a time, I remember that Nathan hated the idea of being anyone's saviour or messiah, but still believed that he had a job to do, to safeguard the future from becoming his past. However, knowing what he knows, Cable is embracing that side of himself more; using the knowledge of the future to a great extent within the current stories. That is a tremendous use of the notion that knowledge is power. That makes Cable dangerous.

I realized that Mr. Nicieza is showing this to the extent that Cable is playing chess with the events and world leaders of the present, to craft the future he believes would be more beneficial to human- and mutantkind. The role I am guessing Domino is now going to take is to reflect upon whether Cable is doing exactly what he should with this power or creating his own kingdom and agenda. So I have to say I was wrong and I never should have doubted him. The storylines are great.

Okay, I know you love them, so numbered questions:

1. It would appear that Miss Merryweather has a soft spot for our boy Nate, so could we see a Domino Irene catfight on the horizon and who do you think would win?

2. As I am British I wondered, who is your favourite Spice Girl?

3. I noticed last issue you carry an action figure of yourself, around with your equipment. Does that mean you play with yourself on long missions and when you are bored?

Thanks for your time and by the way it's not just Cable that has some insight into the future, I've seen what's coming, I hope you have some Band-Aids handy, I think Your in for a woopin'.

Yours faithfully,
Jason Bailey

Blah, Blah, Blah Cable, Blah Blah Blah, Domino, Blah, Blah, Blah More Cable -- ooh, numbered questions!

1. We fully planned to have a rip-snortin' catfight but Nicole said that would be demeaning to both characters and women in general. So out of respect to her, we're gonna try to do it while she's on vacation.

2. The anorexic one.

3. Uhm… yes…

And by the way Jasoun, maybe OUR English isn't as proper as yours, but it's "You're" as in "You Are" and "Whoopin" as in "Whooping" or "To Whoop."

Dear Deadpool,

After reading the lack of a letter column in issue 34 I must say that I was shocked and appalled. Where is the support? Where is the love? I feel ill. Here is my little bit of compensation for those that didn't feel the urge to shower you with praise (for shame). Below are numbered questions:

1. What was the deal with you actually wanting a job with S.H.I.E.L.D.? Badges are fun and shiny, but seriously, YOU working for the authorities? Since when?

2. When are you going to get your own Marvel MAX mini-series?

3. Your shooting Nate in the back of the head was funny. (More of a statement, but whatever.)

4. Cable and Domino hooking up at the end of # 34 (my, my)… any thoughts? I'm getting a flashback to the days when you used to work for Mr. Tolliver, and Nate and Dom had that whole X-Force thing goin' on.

5. There is no question five.

Here's to the Merc With a Mouth! (Whose book was the only comic I purchased in the late 90s. You remember, eh?)

Owen

1. Freelance mercs, baby, we play for whoever pays. Technically, it wasn't S.H.I.E.L.D., but a dummy company for a front company for a guy who knew a guy who used to work for S.H.I.E.L.D. that was cutting the check.

2. Yeah, they barely let me get away with what I do and say in this book,can you imagine how fast they'd guillotine Nicieza if he were writing me in a MAX book?

3. In the form of a question, it could be, "Was your shooting of Nate in the back of his head funny?" And my answer would be: Yes.

4. Our thighs aren't nearly big enough now, but I can see the wavelength you're on. (Notice the spelling there, Jasoun…)

5. If you had one, Owen, the answer undoubtedly would have been, "I won't go there if Bob Barker was there first."

NEXT ISSUE: Jumpin' Jehosaphats, am I really stuck teeny-tiny size? Will this help or hinder my love life? And what's the dilly-o with AGENT X? Is that #@!% so-and-so comin' back to MY book again? And what – he needs my help? As if! Give me one good reason why I should help him! No, better yet… give me four good reasons…

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